

Yorkshire GARLAND;

O R,

The Cruel KNIGHT,

A N D

The Fortunate Farmer's Daughter.

In Three P A R T S.

How the noble Knight riding by a Farmer's House when his Wife was in Travail; the Knight knowing the Signs and Planets, looking in a Book, read that the Farmer's Daughter, that was born that Hour, was to be his Lady and Bride; and how the cruel Knight got the Child from her Parents, and hung it into a River; but by good Fortune the Child was taken up by a Fisherman alive, who brought her up 'till she was eleven Years of Age.

How the Fisherman was at an Inn with some Gentlemen, and the cruel Knight was in the same Company, who seeing this young Girl come in, ask'd the Fisherman if she was his own, who told all the Story, and how the Knight got the Girl away, and contrived her Death a second Time, and how he was prevented.

How the Knight contrived her Death the third Time, but her Life was saved by shewing the Knight a Ring that he had hung into the Sea, which the Knight seeing, found it was in vain to strive against Fortune; so he married her, and made her his Lady, with other Things worthy of Note.

Revised and Enter'd according to Order.

The *Yorkshire* G A R L A N D.

P A R T I.

IN famous *York* City a Farmer did dwell:
 VWho was belov'd by his Neighbours full well;
 He had a VVife that was virtuous and fair,
 And by her he had a young Child every Year.

In seven Years Time six Children they had,
 VWhich made both the Father and Mother's Heart
 But in a little Time, as we do hear say, (glad;
 This Farmer in VVealth and in Stock did decay.

Although that once he had Riches great Store,
 In little Time after he quickly grew poor:
 He strove all that he could, but alas! could not thrive;
 Nor hardly could keep his poor Children alive.

But Children comes faster than Silver or Gold,
 For his VVife she conceived again, as I am told,
 And when the Time came in hard Travail she fell,
 But if you will mind, a strange VVonder I'll tell.

A rich noble Knight he did chanced to ride by,
 And hearing this VVoman to screek and to cry
 He being well learned in Planets and Signs,
 Did look in a Book which did puzzle his mind.

For the more he did look, still the more he did read
 And found that the Fates this young Child had decreed
 Who was born in that House, that same Hour & Tide
 He found it was she that must be his sweet Bride.

But judge how the Knight was disturb'd in Mind.
 VVhen he in that Book his own Fortune did find,
 He quickly rode home, but was sorely oppress'd
 From that very Moment he could have no Rest.

All Night he did tumble and tosse in his Bed,
 And very strange Projects hid run in his Head ;
 Then he was resolved very quickly indeed,
 To alter that Fortune he found was decreed.

With a murdering Heart the next Morning he arose,
 Then to the House of the Farmer he goes,
 Then asked the Man with a Heart full of Spite,
If the Child was alive that was born the last Night.

Worthy Sir, says the Farmer, *altho' I am poor,*
I had one born last Night, and six long before :
Four Sons and three Daughters I now have alive,
Which are all in good Health, and likely to thrive.

The Knight he reply'd, *If that seven you have,*
Let me have the youngest, I'll keep her most brave ;
For you very well one Daughter may spare,
Which if you will grant, I will make her my Heir.

For I am a Knight of a noble Degree,
And if you will part with the Child unto me,
Full three hundred Pounds unto you I will give,
When I from your Hands your Daughter receive.

The Father and Mother, with Tears in their Eyes,
 Did hear this kind Proffer, and was in Surprize,
 And seeing the Knight was so noble and gay,
 Presented the Infant unto him that Day.

But they spake to him with VVords very mild,
We beseech you, kind Sir, be kind to our Child.
You need not Fear it, the Knight he did say,
For I will maintain her most gallant and gay.

Then with this sweet Baby away he did ride,
 Until that he came to a broad River Side ;
 VVith Cruelty bent, he resolved indeed,
 To drown the young Infant that Moment with Speed.

Says he, *If you live, you needs must be my Wife,*
But I am resolved to bereave you of Life :
'till you are dead, I no other can have,
Therefore you shall lie in a watry Grave.

In speaking these VVords, the same Moment they say,
 He flung the sweet Babe in the River away.

And being well pleased when this he had done,
Did leap on his Horse, and did quickly ride home.

But mind how good Fortune did for her provide
For the Child was drove safe on her Back by the Tide
Where was a Man fishing, as Fortune would have,
Who saw the Child floating upon a salt Wave.

He soon took her up, but he was in a Maze.
He kiss'd her, and blest'd her, and on her did gaze
And being he had ne'er a Child in his Life,
He presently carried her home to his Wife.

His Wife she was pleased the Child for to see,
And said, *My dear Husband be ruled by me ;
Since we have no Child, if you'll let me alone,
We'll keep this sweet Baby and call it our own.*

The Good Man contented, as I have been told,
And spared for neither good Silver nor Gold ;
Until she was aged eleven full Years,
And then her sweet Beauty began to appear.

P A R T II.

THE Fisherman he was one Time at an Inn,
With several Gentlemen drinking with him ;
His Wife sent the Girl to call the Good Man Home
But when she did into the Dringing-Room come ;

The Gentlemen all were amazed to see,
The Fisherman's Daughter so full of Beauty :
They asked him patiently, if she was his own,
Who told the whole Story before he went Home.

*As I was a fishing within my own Bound,
One Monday Morning, this sweet Baby I found ;
'Tis eleven Years past since her life I did save,
Or else she had lain in a watry Grave.*

The cruel Knight was in the same Company,
And hearing the Fisherman tell the Story,
Was vex'd at the Heart to see her alive,
And how to destroy her, again did contrive.

Then spoke to the Good Man, and to him he said
If that you will art with this pretty young Maid,

*I'll give you what your Heart can devise,
For she in good Time to great Riches shall rise.*

The Fisherman answer'd him with a modest Grace,
*I cannot unless my dear Wife was in Place;
Get first her Consent, you shall have it of me,
And then to go with you, good Sir, she is free.*

He got the Wife's Leave, and the Girl with him
But little they thought of his cruel Intent: (went,
He kept her a Month very bravely, they say,
And then he contrived to make her away.

For he had a Brother in fair *Lancashire*,
A noble rich Man, worth two thousand a Year;
He sent this young Girl then unto him with Speed,
In Hopes he would act a most barbarous Deed.

He sent a Man with her, likewise, as they say,
But as they did lodge at an Inn by the Way,
A Thief in the House, with an evil Intent,
To rob the Portmantua immediately went.

But the Thief was amazed when he could not find,
No Cloaths, Gold or Silver, or ought to his Mind,
But only a Letter, the which he did read,
And soon put an End to the desperate Deed.

The cruel Knight wrote to his Brother that Day,
To make the young innocent Damsel away,
With Sword, or with Poison, that very same Night
And not let her live 'till the next Morning Light.

When the Thief read the Letter, he had so much
To tear it, and write in the very same Place, (Grace,
dear Brother, receive this young Maiden from me,
And bring her up well, as a Lady should be:

*Let her be esteemed, dear Brother, I pray,
Let Servants attend her by Night and by Day;
For she is a Lady of noble great Worth,
A nobler Lady ne'er liv'd in the North.
Let her have good Learning, dear Brother, I pray;
And I for the same will sufficiently pay;
So, loving Brother, my Letter I end,
Subscribing my self, your dear Brother and Friend.*

The Maid and her Servant were both innocent;
And onward their Journey, next Morning they went;
Before the Sun-set, to the Knight's they did come,
Where the Servant did leave her, and so return'd Home.

The Girl was attended most bravely indeed,
With Men and with Maids to serve at her Need,
Where she did continue a whole 12 Months Space,
'Till this cruel Knight did come to the Place.

As he and his Brother together did talk,
He 'spy'd the young Lady in the Garden to walk;
She look'd most beautiful, pleasant and gay,
Like to fair *Aurora*, the Goddess of *May*.

He was in a Passion when her he did 'spy,
And said very angrily, *Brother, ah! why,*
Pray did not you do as in a Letter I writ?
His Brother reply'd, *It is done every Bit.*
No, no, says the Knight, *it is not, I see,*
Therefore she shall back again go with me:
But his Brother did shew him the Letter that Day,
Then he was amazed, but nothing did say.

P A R T III.

S OON after this Knight took this Maiden away,
And with her did ride, 'till they came to the Sea;
Then looking upon her with Anger and Spite,
He spoke to the Virgin, and bid her alight.

The Maid from her Horse immediately went,
And trembling to think what it was that he meant.
Ne'er tremble, said he, *for this Hour's your last,*
Then pull off your Cloaths, I command you in haste.

The Virgin with Tears on her Knees did reply,
Oh! what have I done, Sir, that now I must die?
Oh! let me but know, how I did you offend?
I'll study each Hour to make you Amends.

Oh! spare but my Life and I'll wander the Earth,
And never come near you while I have Breath.
On hearing this pitiful Moan she did make,
From his own Finger a Ring he did take;

And then to this Maiden, in Anger did say,
This Ring in the Water I'll now throw away :
Pray look on it well, for the Posy is plain,
And when you see it, may know it again.

I charge you for Life, ne'er come in my Sight,
For if that you do, I shall owe you a Spite ;
Unless you bring the same Ring unto me,
With that he did let the Ring drop in the Sea.

Which when he had done, from the Maid he did go,
 And left her to wander in Sorrow and Woe :
 She rambled all Night, and at last did espy,
 A homely Cottage, and to it did hie :

Being hungry and cold, with Heart full of Grief,
 She went to this Cottage, and ask'd for Relief :
 The People reliev'd her, and the very next Day,
 They got her a Service, as I do hear say.

At a Nobleman's House, not far from that Place.
 Where she did behave herself with modest Grace :
 She was a Cook-Maid, and forgot all Things past,
 But here is a Wonder now comes at the last.

As she a Fish-Dinner was dressing one Day,
 And opening the Head of a Cod, as they say,
 She found a rich Ring, and was struck in a Maze,
 And she with Wonder upon it did gaze.

And viewing it well, she did find it to be,
 The very same Ring the Knight threw in the Sea :
 She smill'd when she saw it, and blest her kind Fate,
 But to no Creature the Secret did relate.

The Maid in her Place, all Maids did excell,
 That the Lady took Notice, and lik'd her so well,
 Said, *That she was born of some noble Degree :*
 And took her, her own chief Companion to be.

The hard hearted Knight to this Palace he came,
 A little Time after, with Persons of Fame :
 But was struck to the Heart, when he there did behold,
 This charming young Virgin in Trappings of Gold.

Then he ask'd the Lady to grant him a Boon,
 And said, *'Twas to walk with that Virgin alone.*

The Lady consented, and told the young Maid,
Who quickly agreed, but was sorely afraid.

When first he did meet her, *Thou Strumpet*, said he,
Pray, did not I charge you ne'er more to see me?
This Hour's your last, to the World bid, Good Night,
For being so bold to appear in my Sight.

Says she, *In the Sea, Sir, you flung your own Ring,*
And bid me ne'er see you, unless I could bring
That Ring unto you, and I have it, said she,
Behold, 'tis the same that was flung in the Sea.

When the Knt. saw the Ring, he did fly to her Arms,
He kiss'd her, and swore she had a Million of Charms:
Says he, *Charming Creature, I pray pardon me,*
Who often contrived the Ruin of thee.

'Tis in vain to alter what Fate does decree;
For I find you were born my dear Bride for to be.
Then married they were, as I do hear say,
And now she's a Lady both gallant and gay.

Then he quickly unto her Parents did haste,
But ere the Knight told the Story of all that was past,
But ask'd both their Pardons upon his bare Knee,
Which they gave, and rejoiced their Daughter to see.

Then they for the Fisherman and his Wife sent,
And for their past trouble did give them Content,
But there was great Joy by all those that did see,
The Farmer's young Daughter a Lady to be.

10 IV 52.
17 N 15.

